

**MARCH
13th**

THE WAR CRY.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

10th Year. No. 24

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, MARCH 12, 1910.

THOMAS B. COOMES,
Editor.

Price, 5 Cents.

and and Bermuda.

**g Effort
VICTORY**

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MAPP,

rs. Turner,
nd Mrs.
nd Mrs.
and Cap-

Southall,
Mardall,
Captain

D MRS.
Adjutant
Barker

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Come, sinners, see Him first
He drinks for you the bitter
The rocks do rend, the
quake,
While Jesus doth salvation
While Jesus suffers for our
And now the mighty deed is
The battle's fought, the vic-
won,
To heaven He turns His
"Tis finished!" now the
cries,
Then bows His head and dies.

REVIVAL CRUSADE APPOINTMENTS.

LIEUT. COLONEL TURNER
Temple—Sunday, March 12th.
BRIGADIER BURDITT
Winnipeg 1.—March 4th to 11th.
BRIGADIER TAYLOR
Tecumseh St.—Sunday, March 14th.
BRIGADIER RAWLING
Riverdale—Sunday, March 14th.
MAJOR PHILLIPS
Dovercourt—Sunday, March 13th.
Wychwood—Sunday, March 20th.
MAJOR MILLAR
Yorkville—Sunday, March 13th.
MAJOR CREIGHTON
Sudbury—Sunday, March 6th.

LIEUT. COLONEL GASKIN
Will conduct a Wedding
Ceremony at
THE TEMPLE, Tuesday, March 16th.

BRIGADIER MOREHEN
will visit
*THE TEMPLE—Tues., March 16th.
*LIPPINCOTT—Thurs., March 18th.
*LIPPINCOTT—Sun., March 21st.
*BOWMANVILLE—Tues., March 23rd.
*EARLS COURT—Thurs., March 25th.
*RHODES AVE.—Sun., March 28th.
*Mrs. Morehen will accompany.

MAJOR SIMCO
will conduct
REVIVAL CAMPAIGN
at
OWEN SOUND.—March 18th to 21st.



Reader, Does Christ Call You to Follow Him to the Training College? If So, Do Not be Disobedient to the Heavenly Voice, but Leave All Earthly Considerations, and Follow the Christ Whithersoever He Leads.

Bel-
God,
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uer,
die
Toronto, Ont.?

WILL now settlers and others in the Dominion, and in the British Isles, female, who would be willing to come to the ad, as Domestic, and who have assisted passengers, write full particulars to LIEUT. COLONEL GASKIN, Immigration Department, 111 St. George Street, Toronto, Ont.



An Afghan Incident

The Story of Willie Brooks.

How He Became a Printers' Devil

Several weeks ago he boarded a train in Gainesville, Ga., for Greenville. While on train No. 40, he told the story to a teacher of Chiefteen College, who was listening with interest. When the big steam locomotive pulled into the Union Station, they both alighted, and Williams was carried to Chiefteen College, where he met Dr. S. C. Byrd, the president of the big school for girls, on the hill over in West Greenville. Dr. Byrd got in communication with Captain Purdue, of The Salvation Army, who

The Praying League.

Sunday, March 13th.—13c. faithful.
Prov. xxvi. 20; xxviii. 1, 23; xxviii.
1, 2; xxix. 1-25; xxx. 5, 6.
Monday, March 14th.—Virtuous Women
narr. Prov. xxx. 24-25; xxxi. 10, 31.
Tuesday, March 15th.—Geeches. 10c.
1. 1, 2, 21; 10. 12; 13. 1, 1-6;
1. 38. 1, 4; 10. 18.
Wednesday, March 16th.—Restored
Backslider. Hosea 1. 1, 2; 11. 10;
20; vi. 3, 4; xiv. 1-10.
Thursday, March 17th.—Showers of
Blessing. Joel 1. 12-32; II. 2, 17.
Friday, March 18th.—Prepare to Meet
Thy God. Amos 4. 1, 14, 15; III.
1-3; IV. 6-12.

For his age, he is bright, and has been to school for a few years. He can read well, and can write, and a few years, in the printing business will wonderfully improve his learning and will cultivate his young mind to a great extent.—American Social Gazette.

The Soldier's Refuge

Had Proved His Death-Trap:

Some years ago in America, a splendid oak in a forest in Ohio was struck with lightning. It was rent open, and in the centre of the trunk was found a skeleton, which fell to pieces in the hands of those who came to the spot. Beside the skeleton lay a sword, a battle-axe, a soldier's coat of ancient pattern, and a leather pocket book, which soon told a sad story. The brown, discoloured leaves of the pocket-book were covered with pencil marks. These were read with some difficulty, and were found to have been written by a happy young hunsar, who had been taken prisoner by the Redskins. Indians, and had made good his escape, though suffering from a wound, but his savage foes pursued close after him, and, being hard pressed, he had climbed up that great oak. He observed that the trunk was so far from being hollowed out by the worms, that he had only a few feet deep, dropped into it, and he might be completely hid. He had, however, miscalculated the depth.

Saturday, March 19th.—Worst Kind of Famine. Amos v. 4, 5; vi. 1-6; viii. 11, 12; ix. 11-21.

THE SUPREME WILL OF GOD.

I was recently reading about the great rivers which have their sources in high ranges. Now the value of these rivers lies not in the fact of their having their springs in high places, but that they send their sweet, fertilizing waters down the valleys and across the plains where the multitudes live and labour. So whilst the springs of spiritual life must be in heavenly places, they are of little value unless the experiences flow down to the levels where men strive and cry, and through the places where the multitude live and toil and suffer.

Remember the principle that every privilege and blessing in God's Kingdom has special conditions attached to its enjoyment; nor must it ever be forgotten that in these heavenly places God's will is supreme. The men and women who would share Christ's seat must, like Him, have

and found himself helplessly imprisoned, with no means of extricating himself. There he died, spending some of his last hours in writing this account of his end.

That hollow oak was the soldier
ruth. The horns of the altar did
save Job's life. But faith in the
sacrifice would have saved his soul.
Have you fled from God to God—
from God the Judge to God the
Saviour—from God's justice, a
muzzling of you personal payment and
satisfaction, to God offering you
Christ's payment and satisfaction—
Australian Cry.

AR Aged-In Mom's Kitchen

Tribute to an Army Loss

In a dark and gloomy scene, tears are falling—big, heavy drops of bereavement, and hungry lips speak faltering words, tellings of reverence and gratitude deep beyond all expression. Some murmur since the ministering spirit took its flight to far-off Minnesota, there to gather new physical strength to spend and be spent in the interests of others. But with the New Year's dawn, the flutter of other pinions roared over the old homestead, and the Angel of Death lifted Maggie Bernice to a everlasting ministry in glory.

Here they called her Captain, but in Hell's Kitchen, and it may be in Heaven, she is best known by her right name—"angel."

ing Minister angel: How truly she looked the part, as she tugged her bare bundles from her meagre merchant. "I don't think," says one of her comrades-Slim O'Brien, "the Maggie ever asked for help. But her work spoke for her, and the rusty doors of many a heart creaked on their hinges to supply the need of her poor clients. Her kitchen was her parlor, with its cozy stove, provisions and piles of clean wraps for cold people. And if the supply went short, it was not the poor who felt the pinch. Many a time has the Captain's own dinner been carried off to some starving family. Her only remark, 'How fortunate that I have had cold cooking in time and the blankets from the poor bed supplied to cover some comfortless slum invalid.

Angel: Yes, but an angel un-
wares, most of all to herself. There
was nothing of the conscious heroine
about Maggie Barnes. "I have no
gifts," she wrote pathetically when
a candidate: "I cannot speak and
cannot sing, but God has given me a
heart of love, and if that is any use

made the unchangeable choice, the fullest surrender, and absolutely embraced the will of God which reigns supreme in the heavenly places.

And thus, these heavenly seats are surrounded by an atmosphere of prayer. They who are to "mount up as eagles" are the men and women who "wait on the Lord." People don't slip into the heavenly seats by accident; and those who sit in the high places on this side of the New Jerusalem are to dependent upon God's favour and grace that they must live in the spirit and practice of prayer, or they will find themselves again entangled among the defilements of sin.

You need hardly be reminded that purity is one of the distinguishing marks of the heavenly places. The Psalmist asks the question, "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, or who shall stand in his holy place?" And the answer comes, "He that hath clean hands: and a pure heart." Yes, the pure in heart shall see God; and just as Heaven itself is the eternal home of the unblemished, so they who would sit in heavenly places must be washed in the

among the very best
will think it worth
And in the night
lives, the lust of
by her gentle hand
eat sin and sorrow
how abundantly
Maggie's seven
American Cry.

Hold Your Team

Or Must You Leave —

The habit of "scrapping" is reprehensible in every household, and should be discouraged by every person desiring a peaceable and harmonious life.

The "scrappy" household is one in which each member strives for the word in the slogan, "I shall be imposed upon." The course of action, in such a household, is that each member shall be imposed upon by every other member of the household, nor can it be otherwise in such a one.

It is an odious place to be in. The separate individuals who live in it, can always have a pleasant atmosphere and time passes quickly, yet it is seldom that anyone gives up the habit, or a whole new form and institute a new set of things.

There is but one way to a lasting result, and that is to hold your tongue to and on every occasion when bitter words are liable to arise to the surface.

The old adage, "It takes time to make a quarrel," is invariable, and while silence is to answer response to an irritating remark, effect is inevitable. The desire to repudiate an unjust comment is strong, but if it is unwise, it is regretted more than if it is wise, in which both parties find their temper.

He who will inwardly condemn "withhold his tongue" from bitter remarks, from unkind comments, from bitter retort, then shall begin a revolution in his own life.

Do not wait for someone to start the movement; have on your own soul that you be the seeds of happiness. You will not be discouraged if you do not meet half way. "Do it if it may be." Seek one who will say it."—Australian I. S.

Conformity to the world is a manifest contradiction of the principles of the Gospel, that even when they see it, do not understand from it the true nature and object of the Gospel.

SELECTED THOUGHTS

Without a Divine Call, the
it sinks into a more material
ography, and becomes a preparation
for the renovation and renewal
mankind as any of the visions
that have preceded it.

To be converted is to be renewed
by the authority of God's Word
and not by public sentences or rites
not by hopes and visions
supreme consecration of heart
and life

There cannot be two gods
are contending—if you are false
why not God another? or can
be rest if you are not in
on your own plan? and on
working out His.

The key to Holiness is the power of happiness, the power of love. Love is all to be found in the world as it is with man. Neither, without it, can we effect the high purpose of our own, nor the true happiness of others. There can be no holiness without it.

THREE WOB
... to the

only knew it from the activity that lay behind. "Excuse me taking action to the word, "I on, perceiving that we do not wear gloves. I social barrier they find visiting."

A Visit to a Storm.

At Bethnal Green
ourselves, leaving the
pavements bordered
disipated tenements
alley, where tumble-
At the sound of our
of fish and undress
tain, who had lagged
yet within view, and
friendly. They seem
comin' pokin' yer
the scowls disappear
and shone in black
hands to smooth
back of the head.

“Good afternoon,”
ed on towards the
Found the cor
two, a premature
the strangers from
dirty, tattered, and
stood bare upon the
warm September
still find Maggie
What new dis
tion was plainly e
upon the Captain.
made it young aga
us, awakening the
a-comin’ mammy!

A Poverty-Stricken

We followed our way in the dark. We were met at Mack, carrying a box, carrying a box, carrying a box. Captain: but baby. She admired the wares spotted with silver they were in. It that dull, the the thing the furniture, and warden. A broken up one side. In only the sleep. At present it the tail of a still, sassing roar leg. Other seats box also formed pots, together with table, stood in a mug. In the with the except. lailed, both the had seen to it.

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Out of this to
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DOWN IN THE ABYSS.

BY MRS. HAROLD GORST.

THREE women were journeying, on the top of a motor omnibus, to the north-east of London, the "Captain," a sweet-faced woman, in nurse's garb, Mrs. R— and myself. My friend, Mrs. R—, had already, on a former occasion, seen something of The Salvation Army and its Social Work. I only knew it from the outside, and was now to see a corner of the noble activity that lay behind its blatant exterior.

"Excuse me taking off my gloves," said the Captain, snitting the action to the word, "but we shall be there directly. You see" she went on, perceiving that we looked somewhat mystified, "my poorer friends do not wear gloves. In their eyes gloves form a line of demarcation, a social barrier they find it difficult to pass. So I never wear them when visiting."

A Visit to a Slum.

At Bethnal Green we descended, and, following our guide, soon found ourselves, leaving the broad thoroughfares for mean streets with broken pavements bordered on either side with uniform rows of depressing and dilapidated tenements. We passed through three stumpy posts into an alley, where tumble-down houses, two-stories high, faced a blank wall. At the sound of our coming, tumbled heads of women in various stages of filth and undress were thrust out of doors and windows. The Captain, who had lagged behind to pat a mongrel acquaintance, was not yet within view, and the first glances cast upon us were by no means friendly. They seemed to express, aggressively enough, "Wot you want comin' pokin' yer nose daahn our plice?" When the Captain came in sight the scowls disappeared. Unaccustomed smiles played about bruised lips and shone in blackened eyes. One or two mechanically lifted begrimed hands to smooth down tangled locks strayed from the "knocker" at the back of the head.

"Good afternoon, Captin'," muttered hoarse voices.

"Good afternoon, friends," was Captain's cheery response, as we passed on towards the furthestmost house in the alley.

Round the corner came running a small weeping child—a creature of two, a premature little old woman, with frightened eyes, looking up at the strangers from beneath a mop of uncombed hair. Her dress was dirty, tattered, and scanty. Her little feet—the right one bleeding—stood bare upon the cobbled yard; not a matter calling for much pity that warm September day, but suggestive of the reflection, would the winter still find Maggie without boots or stockings?

What new disaster did the presence of strangers denote? The question was plainly expressed in the child's timid glance, until it alighted upon the Captain. Then a look of love illuminated the baby face, and made it young again. The little creature turned quickly, and ran before us, awakening the echoes of the dingy court with the glad tidings. "Cap'n a-comin', mammy! Cap'n a-comin'!"

A Poverty-Stricken Home.

We followed Maggie's flying figure through a dark doorway, and felt our way in the noisome obscurity to the steep and narrow staircase. We were met at the top by a tired, delicate-looking woman in rusty black, carrying a baby. Maggie was now seized with a fit of shyness, her doubts as to our intentions being tempered by the presence of the Captain; but baby Kathleen as she was called, hailed us at once as friends. She admired the feathers in our hats, and made tentative overtures towards spotted veils and brilliant neck-ribbons, perhaps, under the impression they were food to eat.

In that dull, dirty, dreary cabin, she was the one spot of brightness, the one thing that was really clean. There was not much in the way of furniture, and what there was appeared to be in the final stages of dilapidation. A broken bedstead, covered gently over with a few rags, took up one side, in a corner lay an old sack stuffed with shavings—apparently the sleeping accommodation of some small members of the family. At present it was occupied by a lean kitten, who played drowsily with the tail of a still more emaciated cat. There were two chairs; one possessing four legs but no back; the other rejoicing in a back but minus a leg. Other seating accommodation was provided by upturned boxes. A box also formed the dresser, on which was arranged a series of broken pots, together with some sad remnants of family linen. Upon a rickety table, stood two empty saucers, two leaden spoons, and a handleless mug. In the mug was a little water. The saucers were empty. Indeed, with the exception of the rims, where a little soaked bread had congealed, both they and the spoons were quite clean. Little hungry mouths had seen to that.

Mrs. — is a widow. She had six children. Two, a daughter and a son, are able to earn a trifle; the unblest wages amount to 9s. 6d. a week. Out of this total, 5s. 6d. goes to pay the rent of the rooms. The family have to exist upon the balance. They are respectable folk, in spite of their miserable poverty, and notwithstanding some lack of cleanliness. But when hungry mouths are clamouring for food, and there is only a dependable weekly sum of four shillings with which to furnish bread,

a mother must needs hesitate to buy soap, blacklead, brushes, and other necessary cleaning materials. There is something to be said in extenuation. Driven in the first place to neglect, the woman grows disheartened. Then, by degrees, she gets accustomed to dirt and muddle. In the end she no longer cares. She lets things slide; there is, she thinks, nothing to be done. This is the psychological moment when The Salvation Army, having discovered the case, steps in and endeavours, often with success, to build up the woman's self-respect once more; to teach her to take pride in her home.

The acquaintance between Mrs. — and the Captain was comparatively recent. The latter was passing through the alley four months earlier, when a neighbour came out of the furthestmost room. "There's a pore widdler, Captin', upstairs in that 'ouse," she said, "as 'ave been confined, an' 'aven't no one 'cept the kids ter look ter 'er an' the bby." The Captain had gone up at once. While putting the place in order, and making the mother more comfortable, she learnt that since the birth of the child, two days since, not even so much as a cup of tea had passed the woman's lips.

Practical Comfort.

"Of course," the Captain told us later, "we looked after her until she was about again. You see," she added, "in a case like that, we assist in kind. But it is an exception from the general rule. We are not allowed to give money or presents, although we may give our services freely."

Mrs. — was not a humbug. She did not cant, nor seek to make any appeal to our purses. That she and her children were at that moment absolutely starving, we should never have known, had it not been for the two-year-old Maggie, who, too young to be sophisticated or to accept with philosophy the burden of hunger, suddenly began to cry piteously.

"Maggie's so hungry! Maggie wants a piece!" The sobs, temporarily interrupted by our visit, broke out afresh.

"Mrs. 'ad a sop this mornin'," put in Mrs. — hastily, scarlet with shame. "If she'll 'ave patience till my Florrie comes 'ome to-night, maybe the gal'll 'ave been paid, an' us can 'ave something then." It was again a case for practical comfort on the part of The Army.

As we made our way downstairs, Maggie's voice was once more raised in lamentation. The door opened above, and a small, reproachful figure bounded after us. "Cap'n, you 'vent tised me!" We, the strangers, had not omitted the ceremony. But we were only visitors to be tolerated; the Captain was the person whom she loved, and had learnt to trust.

"We are going now to see B—, his wife and six children," announced the Captain, as we threaded our way through a maze of dirty streets. "I made their acquaintance in the following manner. One of our Cadets and myself were going down here one evening, when suddenly a young woman, who was—" Captain hesitated—"well, poor soul, she was under the influence of drink—came running out to meet us. 'Captain, my twins are dyin'! I've shut the door in your face many times, I know; but don't 'old it up agen me now. Come and look at my children, for I've no one else to help me.'"

"What did you do?"

A Cruel Stab.

"Oh, of course"—again that sublime "of course"—"we went upstairs. I sent off a neighbour with the girl twin to the infirmary; I hoped to be able to do something for the boy myself, and managed to bring him round. It was too late to do more that night; but we promised to return next day and clean up the room, and I intended then, if the mother was herself again, to have a straight talk with her."

"Next day we came. The eldest child was standing by the door, crying. 'The neighbours said I was to look out for you, and tell you wot's happened,' she explained. 'Father come in, after you left last night. Mother aggravated 'im, and hit 'im over the mouth with a bottle. She turned to run downstairs, when he up with a knife and stuck 'er. She's in the ospital, father's run-in, and baby upstairs is awf' bad.'"

"And then?" We waited to put the question until the Captain had disposed of a slatternly woman, who advanced from a group of gossiping neighbours with an apologetic, "Excuse me, Captin'." We caught the woman's final words, after a brief colloquy. "Well, then, come round any time you like, seeing yer so set on it. But, mind me, don't say as I didn't warn yer as mine ain't much of a plice."

Captain resumed her narrative. "Mrs. B— had escaped by the skin of her teeth. Just a hairbreadth to the right and death must have ensued. As it was, the wound healed quickly, and she soon went back home. The sentence passed on the husband was nominal—only a month. But this gave us our chance. We wrote to him while in prison, and looked after his wife and children until he came out. Such a decent fellow, and so grateful to us! Both signed the pledge at once. Of course, it is too soon to be sure, but we have great hopes of both."

[To be continued.]

Save the Seventeen.

By Colonel Lawley.



Captain Trimmi, who recently was compelled to take a furlough, has returned.—E. Austin, Lieutenant.

THE WAR CRY.

PRINTED FOR THOMAS B. COMBES, CAMBES OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NEWFOUNDLAND, BERMUDA AND ALASKA, BY THE SALVATION ARMY PRINTING HOUSE, AT ALBERT ST., TORONTO.

All manuscripts to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly. All communications referring to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributors for publication in its pages, inquiries about it, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto. All matters relating to subscriptions, dispatch and change of address, to the Trade Secretary. All Cheques, Post Office and Express Orders should be made payable to Thomas B. Combes.

A Word to Should-Be Candidates.

Our current issue is largely devoted to a plea for suitable persons to consecrate themselves to God for Officership in The Salvation Army. There is no doubt that the Young People of this generation are in many ways "exalted to heaven by privileges," and by no means, the least of these privileges is the opportunity of becoming an Officer in The Salvation Army.

On page four is given a sketch of typical Corps Commanders, in the persons of Captain and Mrs. Osborn. The work that S. A. Officers do, and the facilities and means placed at the disposal of Officers for the accomplishment of this work, is very well shown in that sketch, so we should like our readers, who by years, health and grace, are eligible for Army work, to carefully peruse that article, and see what an opportunity of usefulness for God is open to them in the ranks of The Salvation Army, when, by training in the College, and experience gained in smaller Corps, they will have reached the efficiency and power necessary to successfully command such a Corps.

It is possible that some who will read this, may be in doubt as to whether they possess the necessary requirements for Officership. The duty of such is to apply for the Work and leave the results with God and those whose duty it is to make enquiries into the standing and fitness of Candidates. If it is God's plan for you to be a leader in The Army, God will provide the needed strength and grace. Your duty is to apply, and you should apply at once. There is no time like the present. If God calls you to the Work don't delay.

GOOD TIMES AT TORONTO.

We are happy to say that Captain Townsend, of Toronto L, is making very good progress, and that good meetings have been held in the Corps.

On Sunday, Captain Raymer and Mrs. Captain Townsend led the meetings. There were good congregations, and five souls sought the salvation. Amongst them was a young woman, brought out to the mercy seat by a recent convert.

A Bandsman from West Toronto dropped into the prayer meeting, and to his great delight, found his wife at the mercy seat.

A fine open-air meeting was held outside the Captain's house on Sunday night and there were fifty-three soldiers in the procession.

FOURTEEN START FOR HEAVEN.

Brigadier Hargrave paid us a flying visit on Sunday, much to our delight, and spiritual benefit. At the close of the day fourteen penitents knelt at the mercy seat seeking salvation. One brother had a fearful struggle, but eventually got the victory, and then testified to the work in his heart.—J. J. D.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY AT GUELPH

A Series of Inspiring Meetings Held - Lieut.-Colonel Sharp and Brigadier Potter Assist - The Mayor Presides - Nineteen Surrenders.



OLONEL NAPP, accompanied by Lieut.-Colonels Gaskin and Turner and Brigadier Potter, visited the Royal City last week-end and conducted a series of inspiring and powerful meetings. After a very profitable time with the commanding officers and the Corps locals on Saturday night, the two Lieut.-Colonels departed for Berlin to conduct the week-end meetings there, the Chief Secretary and the Financial Secretary remaining at Guelph. Previous to this separation, however, the forces were augmented by the arrival of Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, the Provincial Commander, and Major and Mrs. Green, the Divisional officers. The latter accompanied the Lieut.-Colonels to Berlin, while the P. C. remained at Guelph. There was certainly no time wasted, for during Saturday evening and Sunday there were no fewer than eleven engagements. Two of these were with the members of the Census Board and the Local officers and Bandsmen respectively. Very profitable times were experienced. Vital matters concerning the welfare of the Corps were discussed and ably handled by the Chief Secretary, and it is confidently expected that a general forward movement will result.

The other engagements were made up as follows: A soldiers' meeting, kneedril, young people's meeting, two open-air, three indoor meetings and a special visit to the home of a sick comrade in company with the Band.

Notwithstanding the rush and hurry, nothing was hurried through, but dealt with systematically and well.

The public meetings were of a high order. The holiness meeting on Sunday morning was a veritable feast to the soul. The tables were loaded with the good things of the kingdom, and we stretched forth our hands of

faith and partook of heaven's bread. The meeting concluded with a general consecration service, but it was more than that, for six men and women definitely dedicated themselves afresh to God, and midst their own tears and the prayers of their comrades claimed the higher blessing.

The afternoon service was a specially arranged one. His Honor the Mayor of Guelph presided and several ministers and business gentlemen were in attendance. The Chief Secretary gave a very able address, in which he made a general survey of the Army's vast field of operations. His own account of his work was highly related and the audience was visibly affected. At times nearly every eye was tear-filled and the tenor was great. The Rev. Mr. Bell spoke most favorably of The Army's work and moved a vote of thanks to the Colonel for his able address. Mr. Rogers (who entertained the Colonel) seconded the resolution, and the same was not only unanimously but enthusiastically carried.

The service at night was another case of the "best wine being kept to the last."

The Hall was crowded with an expectant audience and a typical salvation engagement was conducted. We felt ourselves verily in the presence of God, being confronted with eternal issues. The truth was declared, the way made plain, and an invitation given. The appeal was not in vain, for three precious souls responded, making nineteen in all for the week-end.

The Chief Secretary was supported by Lieut.-Colonel Sharp and Brigadier Potter during the week-end engagement, and all felt that the visit was highly successful and that in its train will be results of no mean order. God grant it!—Wanderer.

THE REDEMPTION OF A SCAMP.

A Revival in Full Progress.

Montreal H. had a wonderful outpouring of God's Spirit on Sunday night. We had had a very difficult fight, probably owing to the heavy atmosphere, but at night the power of God fell upon the meeting, and during a well-fought prayer meeting nine souls sought salvation. It was beautiful to see Comrades fishing, going about from seat to seat, dealing with anxious souls, while the others took hold of God on their behalf. The Revival Spirit is upon us, and the general feeling is well expressed in the words spoken by a Comrade to the Captain during visitation last week. He said: "I don't care what you want me to do, Captain; I am willing to go anywhere, do anything, or dress any way you like, if only we can get souls saved." Hallelujah. Last week the Captain gave his life-story, which he styled "The Redemption of a Scamp." The Rev. A. W. Main was in the chair, and at the close of the meeting, two souls sought God. The newly-formed String Band made its first appearance on Saturday and did well.—Corps Correspondent.

A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING AT DAWSON.

Concerning a recent special Thursday night meeting at Dawson, Y.T., a paper says:

"Cold weather (fifty below zero just recently) did not keep the big crowd away from the special Thursday evening service at the Salvation Army last night. Every seat was taken and all enjoyed a pleasant evening. The programme was a little of everything, and each number a good one. Mr. Suttles and Miss Ansley gave selections with mandolin and guitar. Then there were readings by Mrs. Easign Johnstone, Mr. Kilway and Mr. Fuba; also a recitation by Miss Nellie Bell.

"Duets and solos also were given by Mrs. Johnstone and Miss Wright.

"The Band of Love children met this afternoon. From now on two afternoons each week will be given them because of the large number attending. Miss Wright is in charge of this work.

A brother who has been under conviction for some time, has now come out on the Lord's side and gives a clear testimony.

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workers came out, making...

General says:

The Dutch have been described as cold and calculating, but never more thrillingly enthusiastic reception than at Rotterdam yesterday. These, thanksgiving, and confidence were shown from every corner, and were shouted by every voice. The results have been glorious. Holland!

GENERAL.

PERSONALITIES.

Lieut.-Colonel Turner presided at Soldiers' Tea and Council at the Avenue Corps, on Wednesday, March 2nd.

Lieut.-Colonel Southall informs us that at the Advanced Training, Young people, and Candidates' Department are "just booming." He says that one hundred Cadets are expected for the next Session in the Training College.

The Colonel is announced to conduct the Easter Sunday meetings at March 1.

We are glad to say that Lieut.-Colonel Dumire is making capital progress. Pray for him, that the day may be speedy and complete.

We are sorry that we cannot say much for Mrs. Brigadier Bond, who has been ill with acute rheumatism. She is making some progress, but not nearly such as we would like. Remember the sick in your prayers.

Brigadier Rawling has recently visited Berlin, Orillia and Collingwood. For the next two places, the Brigadier newspaper representatives inspected our Halls, and at the latter secured a lot, on which it is proposed to erect a new Hall.

Brigadier Morehen, the all-time D. of the Toronto Division, used to lay a corner in the early eighties, according to a recent English War Cry. "I was shot by Billy Morehen's corner," is a frequent phrase occurring in the testimony of Sailor Jack, a noted trophy of Newark, England, Corps. Jack was the wonder of the day in Newark, when he was converted, in that he "kept it." Today he sings his testimony in a number of songs of his own composition.

Major Hay, Staff-Captain Crichton, and Ensign Ritchie have been among recent visitors to T. H. Q.

Major and Mrs. Green also called at Headquarters, and among other things intimated the fact that they had just completed forty-eight years of service between them. The Major, on Tuesday last, delivered a lecture to the Training College Cadets, on "The P. C. and His Relation to the D. O."

Staff-Captain White recently spent several days in financial work at Oshawa. While there, the Staff-Captain met a gentleman who, having heard the Staff Band in Toronto, said he would pay for the Band's transportation to Oshawa for a week-end, so anxious was he for the townfolk to hear what he had heard.

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THE GENERAL

Victorious First Campaign
OUR LEADER IN HOLLAND
AND EAGER FOR THE
THIRD

(From the Bulletin)
It will be recorded that among the many things performed by the Salvation Army, the most notable was his campaign in Holland and Belgium. He was nearly four weeks there, and the results were most successful. He was in the front line, and his presence was a great encouragement to the troops. He was in the front line, and his presence was a great encouragement to the troops.

At the General's visit to Rotterdam, Monday, the interest manifested in the General's visit yesterday continues unabated. It was a most successful factor all yesterday. His lecture in the afternoon, attended by many of the most prominent citizens, a considerable number of whom had not heard the General before.

The audience constituted a continental crowd. At night our Leader was in great form, notwithstanding the fatigue of his previous campaign. His address was a masterpiece of reason and appeal, and was listened to with the hands of the audience.

This meeting was a triumph to what was transpiring in the rooms of the garden. The evening in music, dancing and singing. Our music and songs were many of these to the glory of the Hall, though there was no music inside.

The congregation were most interested and as the General stepped on the platform, as they were in the earlier.

There were glorious moments and registration-room were

workers came out, making light for the day. The General says: "The Dutch have been described as cold and calculating, but never throughout the world have I received more thrillingly enthusiastic reception than at Rotterdam yesterday. More, thanksgiving, and confidence were shown from every countenance, and he shouted by every voice. The results have been glorious. Holland!"

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Adjutant Cummins from the West, called at T. H. Q. on Friday, February 24th. The Adjutant is being ap-

Notes from the Candidates', Young People's and Advanced Training Departments.



THE Special Week of Appeal for Candidates is at hand. In connection with the Revival Campaign, we desire to make that appeal as urgent as possible. The interest manifested is very encouraging, and there is every prospect, that the next Session will see the largest number of Cadets in the Training College, in its history. Are you going to be one of the number?

What a vast number of men and women there are in this fair land today, who regret that they did not value the opportunity that once came their way, in the Call to Officership. How many would give almost anything they possessed to have that chance again. Alas! for the majority, circumstances present an insurmountable barrier, and the gate is shut, so far as that opportunity is concerned. Are you going to add to that number. God forbid.

Now is the time to make your application. Ask your P. O. for a Preliminary Form, and find out what you have to do to be ready for the next Session. Then make everything bend to that end, so that you can get in at the beginning.

Remember! The next Session opens in September. Get your forms as soon as possible, so that you will know what preparations you have to make. Some were disappointed last Session, through learning the time of entry when it was too late to prepare.

Should YOU Fill in this Application?

Realising the urgent need for earnest, consecrated young men and women to help win the world for Christ. I herewith offer myself for Officership in The Salvation Army.

Name

Address

Fill this in and hand same to your Officer, who will forward it to the P. C. or D. O. DO IT NOW.

pointed to the Hamilton Metropole and Salvage Department.

Adjutant Sims, of the Toronto Salvago, was recently paid a surprise visit by a man who, not long ago, came to The Army, stranded, and absolutely down and out, but who, after being under The Army's roof for a short time, was given a good situation, and to-day is earning considerably over \$20.00 per week.

Mrs. Captain Walker, who, with her family, is leaving Toronto for Winnipeg, wishes to express her sincere thanks to the many comrades who have assisted her in any way during the Captain's absence.

Staff-Captain Fraser has received a letter from a man who was converted during a meeting conducted by Mrs. Fraser in the Central Prison,

Encouraging reports reach us of the progress of the Y. P. Work in various places. The Star Attendance Chart has taken on splendidly, and some good results are anticipated by many Officers who have put it into operation.

The Territorial Y. P. Secretary was much impressed by the Sunday School Work at Ottawa, Kingston, and Peterborough. Sergeant-Major Braund is to be congratulated upon having his work so well organised. Twenty-six Companies were in operation, and yet there was no noise, or confusion. Discipline and method will make a Sunday School a dozen times more effective in its influence and usefulness. It may cost a little to secure this, where lackadaisical, free and easy methods have been in vogue, but it's worth the price—in either Junior or Senior Work.

Have you the Star Chart working yet? It doesn't cost much. A few cents and a little energy might awaken interest and enterprise in your Y. P. Work. If interest is not as keen as it ought to be, try something new, something to awaken interest and competition. Then the returns will, doubtless, be the biggest of anything you have done.

The Advanced Training for Officers maintains its interest and the new students are the best workers we have had for a long time. An hour a day for self-improvement cannot fail to make an Officer much more effective in his work, as time goes by.

Mr. F. W. Bower, a prominent real estate man and insurance broker, also a Soldier of Rossland, B. C. Corps, has, after fourteen years in that town, gone to Vancouver. At his farewell meeting in The Army Hall, the Mayor presided, and several ministers occupied the platform. The Juniors sang a farewell song, and banded Brother Bower a teacher's Bible.

Mr. George Stanley, (of the firm of Stanley Brothers) a great friend of The Army, has passed away in Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Staff Band at Port Hope.

Another Good Campaign.

The first visit of the Staff Band to Port Hope, which, by the way, is one of the prettiest towns along the shores of Lake Ontario, was an acknowledged success in every way. Despite the fact that the Corps has often been dubbed a "hard go," the Band was accorded a reception that for warmth has seldom been equalled. Captain Murphy and her assistant, Lieut. Kelaher, have aroused the town-folk's interest in the Salvation Army to a high degree, and thus, when the Band marched from the railway depot to the main street, scores of mothers and fathers with their bairns were at their doors and windows to wave a welcome to the visitors, whose music seemed to grow louder and sweeter as further signs of welcome were evidenced. One selection on the street elicited great applause from the immense crowd that fairly blocked the sidewalks. And then, by the kindness of a local gentleman, the Baudsmen were entertained at supper at the Queen's Hotel.

Following a splendid open-air meeting, the Band rendered its first festival in the Opera House. Mayor Mulholland, who presided, incidentally remarked that the occasion marked his first public appearance since his election to office. He was starting out under good auspices, he thought.

At the finish of the programme, which interested, instructed and delighted the big audience, His Worship predicted "bumper" crowds for the next day's meetings. His hopes—and the Band's hopes—were realized.

Capt. Sparks led a refreshing consecration service at 9.30 on Sunday morning, and then at 11 a.m. the Band occupied the choir seats in the Baptist Church. Lieut.-Col. Howell, in the absence of the pastor, occupied the pulpit. The Colonel's address from Acts 1:8, "Ye shall receive power," was convincing to the unsanctified and helpful to the saint. The organ-like playing of the Band, the singing of "Remember Me, O Mighty One," by the Male Choir, and "Lead, Kindly Light," by the Male Quartette, had a great effect on the congregation.

For the afternoon service of praise the Opera House was full. Henry White, Esq., presided. He expressed his appreciation of the work of the local Corps and officers in a very warm manner. He also made pleasing reference to The General, whom he styled "the recognized peer of monarchs," besides leading in person the rounds of applause as various items on the programme were given.

(Continued on page 11.)

ARMY BAND

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STREET ITEMS.

by the "Free Press."
rial service held at the
Citadel on Saturday
19th, was a great suc-
cess. An audience which in-
cluded Adjt. McElheney as
the deceased officers and
had passed to the great
portraits of each de-
ceased was shown on a large
screen of limelight. The
service was supplemented with elec-
tronic music. Brother Harry Phil-
lips of the corps, operated
the effects. In addi-
tion, address, which occupied
a half hour, there
were songs, "Nearer My
God to Thee," "Abide With Me," and
"Gloria." A choir of 100 voices
participated in the service.
The service was held on
March 25, Good Friday.
There was a special appropriate
service.
Admiral and fifty members of
the Army Sunday School
platform at the Citadel
afternoon, and they were
by Mrs. Adj. McElheney
"Remember thy Creator
of thy youth." At the
service there was a special
service of music for half an hour
the commencement of the
service. There were four

held a service for the
Coffee House last even-
ing. The service was
largely attended.
Mrs. Suggen, wife
of the late Adj. McElheney,
sang solos during the
service.
A service with forty pic-
turettes was held at the Coffee
House last evening, when Adj.
McElheney will lecture on "Proba-
bility." On Thursday evening there
will be an enrollment of recruits at
the hall. About twenty of the
recruits, it is expected, will
be enrolled into full membership of the
corps.

MCLEAN LIKES GOOD MUSIC.

Sixteen Seekers.
Four souls recently
sought salvation. Major and Mrs.
McLean recently with us. The
major is a musical festival, which
he said he would like to have
at New Glasgow. The Hat-
chers rendered a cornet duet
for Joe Davis a Welsh solo.
Wood has left the Ab-
original and is now with us.
Brother Purvis is still quite

Monday night, Feb. 20th,
Capt. and Mrs. Davey far-
ther souls sought salvation.
The place has farwelled. Capt.
still holding on and arousing
interest in our scheme for a
J. H.

At New Glasgow, N.B.—An awakening is
being held here. Already eleven
souls have been saved, and the at-
tendance at the meetings is increas-
ing.

Brigadier Adby, recent-
ly, profited thereby.

Thirteen souls
only had their names regis-
tered in the Lamb's Book of Life.
The service is now on.

GOOD FRIDAY IN TORONTO

The Special Feature of The Army's Eastertide
Celebrations in Toronto this Year will be

A GREAT Symbolic Service IN THE Massey Hall,

Preceded by a Mobilisation and Spectacular Parade
of all the City Corps.

THE COMMISSIONER
WILL BE IN COMMAND, ASSISTED BY
THE CHIEF SECRETARY,
AND THE ENTIRE HEADQUARTERS STAFF.

Full Particulars of this Remarkable Service will be Given Next Week.

SEASONABLE SAYINGS

Brought Souls to Mercy Seat.

On Thursday, Feb. 17th, the River-
dale Band and Songsters gave a spe-
cial musical "go." A good crowd
attended and showed real apprecia-
tion of the messages in Band music
and song.

On Sunday morning Ensign Bur-
ton dwelt on the subject of recon-
ciliation. Nine persons knelt at the
mercy seat.

At night backsliders got a sharp
shelling in the Ensign's earnest ad-
dress. Two souls came to the Cross.
Ensign and Mrs. Burton led the
Sunday morning and after-
noon meetings on Feb. 27th. At
night Adjt. Cummings of the West
assisted.

The Ensign spoke especially to
backsliders, six of whom came for-
ward. Among them were a man and
his wife, also a young man and his
sweetheart.

High River.—Four souls have
sought salvation, one being the bro-
ther of Capt. Irwin.

A PROGRESSIVE BATTLEGROUND

Amherst, N.S.—On Sunday, Feb.
20th, six souls sought pardon of sin.
The day closed with a hallelujah
wind-up. Ensign Cavender could
scarcely refrain from dancing.

Brigadier Adby recently paid us
another visit. His speaking and
singing lifted us heavenward.

We had a record march on Sun-
day. Converts are swelling our
ranks and donning the uniform. The
Ensign holds Converts' meetings on
Friday nights.—J. Owen.

Elliotton.—When Capt. Peach came
to this Corps the comrades deter-
mined that they would have a re-
vival. As a result, many souls have
been converted in our Hall, which,
by the way, has recently undergone
some repairs and has been improved.
—R. T. C.

POLICEMAN'S PRAYER.

Moved People, and Three Sought God.

Fredericton.—We have faith for a
splendid revival. Many members of
the different churches have united
with us in praying for a gracious out-
pouring of the Holy Spirit upon the
city, and already prayer is being
answered. At the knee-drill last Sun-
day our saved policeman spoke and
prayed with an overflowing heart.
All present were moved to tears, and
three men came forward and met
with God.

Adjutant Prince and Captain Wythe
were with us throughout the day, and
three souls were converted.

On Monday night three Seniors and
one Junior came forward, and last
night nine others surrendered to God.
Interest is increasing, and the at-
tendances have never been better.

Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove have
won their way into the hearts of all.
—Local.

A Three-Hour Day.

How it Grows in the Arctic Regions.

The following is an interesting
table, compiled and printed by a
Dawson, Y. T., newspaper. Under
the heading, "How the Days Grow
Longer," it says:—

Slowly, but surely, Old Sol is crawl-
ing back toward Yukon, and the
electric meter is seeing its daily
course cut shorter.

Here is the always interesting
table, showing how long the days are
after the short one:

December 21.....	3 hours 25 min.
January 1.....	3 hours 52 min.
January 15.....	4 hours 57 min.
January 31.....	6 hours 45 min.
February 15.....	8 hours 18 min.
March 1.....	9 hours 5 min.
March 21.....	12 hours 6 min.
April 11.....	14 hours 38 min.
April 25.....	15 hours 42 min.
May 11.....	17 hours 15 min.
June 21.....	24 hours 0 min.

STAFF BAND AT PORT HOPE.

(Continued from page 9.)

"What do you people think of
that?" he would pertinently enquire
of his audience as the echoes of a
Choir song or Band selection died
away.

For answer the people clapped and
clapped again.

When the collection, for which
Mr. White himself made the appeal
that it should be a good one, was
about to be taken up, he saw
that a lassie had unfortunately lost
her plate or tambourine. Mr. White
offered his hat as a substitute.

At night the theatre was again
filled. The Band's soulful interpre-
tation of Bible Pictures No. 1 and
the singing of "Where Is My Wan-
dering Boy To-night?" profoundly
impressed the people. Capt. Palmer
gave a short address, and then
Colonel Howell made an appeal for
surrenders to God. A man and a
woman came forward.

The fact that the Staff Bandmen
had with them for the first time
Major Findlay, who, before being ap-
pointed to Canada, was a member of
the famous International Staff Band,
supplied an international feeling to
the Band—in fact to the week-end.
The Major, assisted by Captain Kelly,
conducted the night service at the
Baptist Church.

In the early hours of Monday
morning the Band boarded the spe-
cial car provided by the G. T. R. and
returned to work at Headquarters,
Toronto.

A Pig-Squeak Organ.

Devices of Bygone Days.

Drums and triangles were quite
common in the barrel organs used in
got out of order, once started, no
half of the last century. Some of
these barrel organs were wound-up,
a strong spring being the motive
power. If an instrument of this kind
many of the villages during the first
thing could stop it from playing over
all the tunes it contained. When this
happened, the offending organ would
be hoisted on the back of a stalwart
villager, and gravely carried into the
open, where it was left to run down
in solitude.

A so-called organ was once planned
for the amusement of a certain
French monarch in the following curi-
ous manner. In a row, five pigs
were arranged, so that a little animal
with a high squeak was at one end,
white at the other was placed a big
one with a deep grunt. Selected ani-
mals were placed between these,
side by side, and thus a complete
scale was formed. Over the row of
pigs, a keyboard was fitted up, hav-
ing sharp spikes attached to the keys.
When a key was pressed down the
spike ran into the tail of a pig, caus-
ing it to squeak. In this way, tunes
could be roughly played on this truly
whimsical instrument. — Bandman,
Songster and L. O.

Adjt. Hisecock visited South West
Arm on Feb. 14th. A backslider re-
turned to the fold.

The meetings on Sunday, Feb.
15th, were good. Seven souls claim-
ed salvation.—Ensign Wiltshire.

Chance Harbour.—On Sunday
night, Feb. 12th, many persons pre-
sent at our meeting were convicted of
sin and one backslider returned to
God.—M. J. Verge.

MAKING MONEY OUT OF WASTE.

ALL THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.



VERY book of fairy stories contains more than one tale of the power of a magic wand, says a writer in the Saturday Evening Post. Pumpkins are transformed into stage coaches by its touch; common kitchen utensils into crowns and diadems; rags into queenly robes; and dress into gold. Yet the most riotously-imaginative fairy tale has never recounted marvels that surpass those which have been wrought by the touch of the wand wielded by the industrial chemist and engineer.

So successfully is the wand of science wielded that, with the exception of the skies above us, and

smelling, viscous liquid is transmuted into the most widely-different substances imaginable. It yields dyestuffs after dyestuffs, surpassing in beauty, brilliancy and permanence the colors supplied to us by plants and animals. To such proportions has the industry of extracting these artificial dyes developed that rarely indeed are the natural colors employed. Splendid reds of all shades, delicate blues, rich greens, exquisite yellows, warm browns and dead blacks are now all extracted from coal tar. The dyes thus obtained are numbered by thousands. Hardly a month passes but the discovery of a new one is chronicled in patents and chemical journals.

Coal tar does more than supply rainbow hues. The chemist has dis-



Each One Gathering Different Things.

covered in it a host of medicines for the treatment of the most diverse diseases. The African sleeping sickness, fever, insomnia and pains of every origin are allayed by coal-tar derivatives. Invaluable antiseptics, such as carbolic acid, are yielded by this most protean of substances. The active principles of animal glands are reproduced from it and placed at the disposal of the physician. If it gives us the means of saving life it also gives the means of dealing death; for certain ingredients of coal tar constitute the basic principle of terrible smokeless powders and of powerful

explosives, compared with which gunpowder seems well-nigh harmless. A way has been found of extracting from coal tar the rapid developers so widely employed by photographers. There have also been discovered in its all-embracing range perfumes which are as exquisite as those of Nature, and which cannot, indeed, be distinguished from the fragrance of flowers. The odors of oil of wintergreen, violets, roses, jasmine and heliotrope are reproduced with chemical and olfactory fidelity. A host of artificial flavors are derived from coal-tar flavors that have almost entirely displaced true-fruit flavors, be-

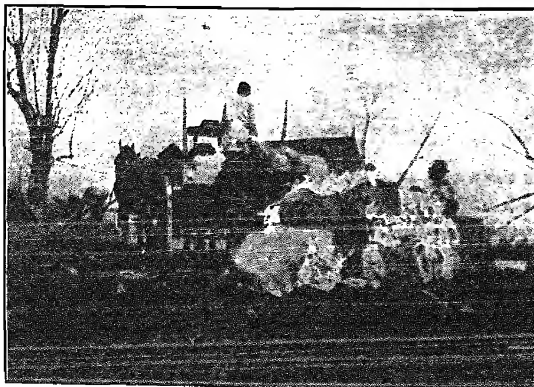
cause their taste and chemical composition are the same. Among them is vanilla, an exact duplicate of the extract of vanilla bean, artificial oils of bitter almond and of musk, and saccharin, sweeter than sugar by five hundred and fifty times. With coal-tar products, too, we protect our wood against insect ravages, and preserve the canned foods eaten by every soldier, hunter and Arctic explorer. It provides us, furthermore, with nanthine, a most efficient of gums, resins, rubber, gutta-percha and fats; with light and heavy oils; with pitch, which is utilized in road-building and in the making of varnish, lamp-black and roofing felt; and with naphthalene, which is itself the source of many dyes.

So far from being a mere waste, coal tar is a palette of gorgeous colors, with which we paint our pictures and dye our fabrics; a medicine-chest of potent, healing drugs and germicides; an arsenal of deadly explosives; a vial of delicious flavors and soothing narcotics; and a garden of exquisite perfumes—in a word, the most wonderful, variegated substance in the world.

Another remarkable example of the industrial utilization of waste, and, moreover, with which the general public is fairly familiar, is to be found in the meat-slaughtering centres of the country. The beef and pork that bang in every butcher shop represent not more than fifty-six to fifty-eight per cent. of the animal on the hoof. Time was when the remaining forty-four to forty-two per cent. was simply thrown away. Now it is safe to say that nothing escapes the boiling-kettle or the macerine, and that a steer is utilized from the tip of his horn to the last hair of his tail. Indeed, a large percentage of the American packing industry's profit is made from the chemically and mechanically treated by-products of the abattoir.

Slaughter House By-Products.

The hides, as might be expected, are sold to tanners. Albumin is extracted from the blood and passed along to the calico printer. The tanner and the sugar refiner. The bones are utilized for a score of purposes. Their residual fat and gelatin are respectively employed for soap-making and for the manufacture of various objects, such as medicine capsules. Feet are saved for their neat-foot oil. The bones left after the oil is extracted are made into our toothbrush and knife handles, our chessmen and our combs. The horns, sawed off at the tip, are split and ironed



Loading Up a Day's Work.

out flat to furnish stock for buttons, combs and brush-backs. The sawed-off horn tips are fashioned into pipe stems, and the horn scrap is ground up and turned over to the farmer for fertilizers. Bristles, of course, are used for brush-making, and teeth for studs and buttons. White hoofs are exported to Japan and come back to us as art objects; striped hoofs are worked up into buttons and horn ornaments; and black hoofs are either employed in the manufacture of potassium cyanide, which is needed for gold extraction, or ground up for fertilizer. Oleomargarine, better known as butterine, is obtained from the

(Continued on page 14.)

The Chemical Wonders of Coal Tar. No more conspicuous example of this effort to find a proper place for dirt and waste can be desired than we see in the splendid use that is now made of the residues of gas works, residues that consist of coke, an excellent fuel; of ammonia, employed in farming, because it supplies plants artificially with the nitrogen they need; and lastly of a black, noxious ooze, which goes by the name of coal tar. Before 1856 the gas-maker was glad to rid himself of this coal tar by giving it away. He dared not pour it into streams, because it polluted the water. If he buried it he killed vegetation. Nowadays it is a by-product of such value that many a rich industry is based on its chemical utilization. At the chemist's touch this foul-

Promoted

BROTHER

Brother, I have been promoted. I was led by Mrs. Booth on Thursday night. This is the first time I have been promoted. Some scenes witnessed as follows: The Band passes on with its remainder of home and its of childhood and parity. The crowd swings into step march. I suddenly clutches the arm of a woman-companion, and hides in the other's costly fur. She gasps: 'Oh, my God! take me away; I can't see; take me!' I take on like that, Fan, old replies, 'or you'll make me!' By is another woman partner with a tiny handkerchiefing away her 'complexion' the tears which had scored through it. The of the procession hurries a young woman, but at age of time she halts a motion, then hastens her steps with a change to 'Abide With Me' breaks into a run, and turns to a side street, shrieking. Later, however, we saw officer tenderly directing her to the supper-table."

SISTER MRS.

JOHN

Death has taken my faithful Soldier, John, George Ogler. Converted at the time she fought bravely at her post when the fact that John was a Saviour and, when well with my soul. The writer, who was with her for a number of years found her a good and a good worker.

The funeral services by Captain Vogel, and Sister. The life of our Mrs. Falle sang the services were given by the Memorial Service gathered. Brothers gathered. Marney spoke of the No. V. Male moved. Sister with much came to Christ.

A husband and his ren mourn their loss for them, and on the we meet to part to Falle.

SISTER JENNIE

ATHENS

We regret to hear of the death of Sister Jennie, Athens, Ont. of son. For some time was a sufferer with in all her sickness. true warrior's heart was Christlike, and came, she was ready. Heavenly reward. She was converted at Riverdale, in 1896. torial Headquarters faithfully for some time. She became an Officer of health, was commended the battle's front two years of age at death.

SERGEANT WHITE

FOUR

In the prison, Sergeant David White, lost one of his eyes. Prison Brigade. Our Brother, England, when ratched may. "God's will" to his home to his home to his home. The funeral was conducted by Mrs. White, turning out their last will and testament. The command's of the robes was: "I will be with you."

OUR

BROTHER

Brother, I have been promoted. I was led by Mrs. Booth on Thursday night. This is the first time I have been promoted. Some scenes witnessed as follows: The Band passes on with its remainder of home and its of childhood and parity. The crowd swings into step march. I suddenly clutches the arm of a woman-companion, and hides in the other's costly fur. She gasps: 'Oh, my God! take me away; I can't see; take me!' I take on like that, Fan, old replies, 'or you'll make me!' By is another woman partner with a tiny handkerchiefing away her 'complexion' the tears which had scored through it. The of the procession hurries a young woman, but at age of time she halts a motion, then hastens her steps with a change to 'Abide With Me' breaks into a run, and turns to a side street, shrieking. Later, however, we saw officer tenderly directing her to the supper-table."

General's campaign started Rotterdam. He says: Dutch have been described as calculating, but never the world have I received so thrillingly enthusiastic reception at Rotterdam yesterday. Thanksgiving, and confidence from every counten and were shouted by every results have been glorious. were glorious pentitent-form room scenes. Thirty workers came out, making it for the day.

AFRICA.

President Steyn recently gave a donation to The Army in South Africa, and expressed his admiration of the war. The war was a glorious episode in connection with the recent celebrations. The way, commenced at The Army's Rhodesia Africa Settlement, was a march of welcome of six, headed by Captain M'Donald, to greet the visit of the "boy" who was with Captain Case when he was in the Matabele rebellion.

A picturesque scene is presented by a little way from the Settlement. "Six large fires, with pots and cans, are attended by a dozen earnest cooks. The natives have gathered round, and singing and dancing. Lieutenant Thompson, Treasurer Aylwin, arrive with a group of boys, who with feathers and armed with knives give a display of their dancing, the ground was

LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD.

(Continued from page 4.)

good reliable lot of soldiers, and a good work is in progress.

The salvation of souls and the making of Salvation Soldiers is just as much the aim in life of this devoted couple, as ever before, and they are pushing on the War with all their wonted energy.

It is no small satisfaction to them to reflect on the number of persons they have influenced to similarly devote their lives to The Salvation War. At the great Congress in London, some years ago, the Captain was watching a group of Cadets, when a bright-faced lassie ran up and cordially greeted him. He did not know her till she reminded him that she had been saved when a Junior, during his stay at a certain Corps. No less than six Cadets came to him that day with the same tale to tell.

Another person whom he greatly influenced, was a young drugist. He is now assisting Dr. Turner in The Salvation Army Hospital in India. And hundreds of people, both in Canada and England, are in The Salvation Army to-day, owing to the consecration of Captain Osborn.

The successful work of Captain and Mrs. Osborn, may be said to be due to hard work, visitation, and practical living. What they are on the platform, they have made themselves, by constant practice and a study of the best way of reaching people's hearts and consciences. They believe in working solely along Salvation Army lines, and that, too, might be considered a great factor in their success.

The same opportunities for successful service lie before many young men and women who read these lines. This is Candidates' Week. Will you resolve to devote your life to the service of God and The Army? If so, your reward will be according to your works.

FROM PRIVATE TO LIEUTENANT.

(Continued from page 6.)

guilt, and then pray God to convert them. God requires us to do this—it is our part of the War.

I pray that God may make me like Samuel, "who grew in favour with God and with men, and the Lord let none of his words fail to the ground." May my words be good words, and true words—a benefit, reproof, and instruction to all—in private talk as well as in public speaking.

A drunken man staggered into our open air ring to-night, and asked us to pray for him. We were soon on our knees in the street, calling on God to save him. He got saved. Glory! We were filled with joy, and all the world seemed brighter. In the meeting at the Hall, a man testified that he was led to an Army meeting and got converted, through reading an article in the War Cry. I felt much encouraged to go on selling the papers. I had only sold eight that afternoon, and the Adjutant's wife told me it was time I was improving.

There was great rejoicing amongst our "batch" to-night, over the fact that some gentleman had thrown a sovereign on the drum. Joy turned to sorrow, however, when it was discovered that the supposed sovereign was only a Kruger medal, not worth a nickel.

Commissioning Day has arrived. Tense excitement prevails at the College. Where are we going?

Well, I am a Lieutenant now. Life seems quite fresh to me again, as I start out for my appointment. A career of usefulness seems to be opening out before me. Where his leads, I will follow. Hallelujah!

MAKING MONEY OUT OF WASTE.

(Continued from page 12.)

Kats, and so are tallow, stearin and glycerin, all three indispensable to the manufacturers of soap and candles. Gelatin, or, in its lower grades, glue, is obtained from sinews, hide trimmings, bones, skins and hair scraps. Fertilizers are produced by treating the viscera, short hair and other refuse. Long hair is shipped to the spinney and by him sold to the mattress-maker. Thus it happens

The Easter War Cry

Is the Peer of all Its Predecessors—All Who Have Seen it Say It is Superior.

The Commander of the Toronto Division says: "The Supplement is the best picture I have ever seen produced in connection with Army literature."

Pictorial Contents.

Amongst the Principal Illustrations are:

The front page cover, in two colours, entitled, "The Corps Cadet." This is a decorative panel on which is depicted the pleasing face of a young girl cadet in Army uniform with a handsome floral background composed of Easter lilies and daffodils. A novel and striking cover.

The large two-page picture is a fine reproduction of Sigismund Goetz's great work "He emptied Himself of His glory." It is indeed one of the most powerful representations of the crucifixion we have ever seen.

Capt. Davis of St. Stephens, N.B., writes: "The supplement plate is a splendid picture and appeals to me strongly."

A striking portrait of MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH, which is super-imposed upon two views of the Women's Social Work, is a picture that will be of interest to many Canadians. It is without doubt the finest portrait of Mrs. Booth that has ever appeared in a Canadian publication.

A striking picture of human interest is that entitled "A Memory of the Past." This is a representation of a prisoner in his cell, gazing into space, wherein he sees a vision of himself when an innocent boy fishing in the creek on the old farm.

Another full-page picture is a reproduction of a striking photograph showing a Japanese Corps of Salvationists, a picture which gives a vivid glimpse at the work of the Army in the land of the Chrysanthemum.

There are numerous smaller sketches and decorations with numerous photographs, amongst which is a series of portraits of some of the world's WAR CRY Editors.

The Literary Contents.

The Commissioner contributes two articles to this number, one of which is entitled, "HOMICIDES WHO HAVE GOT CONVERTED." This is a compilation of remarkable cases of murderers who have been led to repentance, and is one of the most sensational articles we have ever published.

"THE VICTOR OF CALVARY AND THE WORLD," is the title of one of the Commissioner's most deeply spiritual articles.

"THE CROWN OF THORNS." By The General. This is an article that all should read, and, we predict, all will read.

"Mrs. Bramwell Booth," is a personal sketch. This is a most readable sketch of an interesting personality. The writer is Col. Duif, Editor of the "British Young Soldier."

The Personal Element is increased by a series of personal sketches of War Cry Editors and Canadian representative Field Officers.

There are other articles, stories and paragraphs of supreme interest.

BE SURE TO GET A COPY. ONLY FIVE CENTS.

that the carcass of a single beef may enter into several hundred different articles, and thus it happens that we not only eat steers, calves and hogs, but brush our hair and teeth with them, prescribe them for our mental and physical ailments, wear them on our clothes, sleep on them, ornament our rooms with them, play games with them and raise crops with their aid.

Each of the industries built up on the utilization of slaughter-house by-products has its own wastes in turn. After the abattoir has disposed of its hides, for instance, a certain amount of waste is incurred in tanning them. Very little of this waste, however, is not ultimately converted into a useful product. Spent tan is sold as fertilizer and also utilized to a certain extent in paper-making. Leather trimmings and scrap are pressed and rolled into sheets, with some glutinous composition, to form artificial leather; or are utilized in the production of printing inks, dark pigments, covering substances and blacking. It is safe to state that hundreds of patents have been granted for ingenious means of working

over bits of leather which the ordinary man would sweep away. Mixed with the bones of sheep and goats, leather scrap is transformed by one inventor into ivory veneers. Another has devised a way of pressing leather shavings into boot and shoe heels and inner soles. What is called "shoddy" leather is made by grinding bits of waste leather to a pulp, which, after maceration and pressure, is formed into solid strips. Leather that no one else can employ is left for the glue-maker.

The more process of washing may yield what is apparently dirty water, but is in reality a concealed treasure. By far the best example is the use made of the grime that is washed from a sheep's fleece. With the meadow-grass which it chews a sheep absorbs a certain amount of potash, which circulates through the system and eventually exudes through the skin and adheres to the wool. The French call this excretion suint. Mixed with the usual amount of dirt that seems inseparable from animal existence, it constitutes two-thirds of the weight of the fleece. In cleaning the wool this suint was at one time all

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THE WAR CRY.

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20th**

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CANDIDATES' WEEK.

PRAYER! FAITH! VICTORY!

Salvation Songs

Holiness.

Tune.—My mind upon Thee, 254; Song Book, No. 413.

1 My mind upon Thee, Lord, is stayed,
My all upon Thy altar laid,
Oh, hear my prayer!
And since, in singleness of aim,
I part with all, Thy power to gain,
O, God, draw near.

Chorus

Saviour, dear Saviour, draw nearer,
etc.

By every promise Thou hast made,
And by the price Thy love hast paid
For my release,
I claim the power to make me whole,
And keep through every hour my soul
In perfect peace.

Tunes.—Take salvation, 170; Helmsley, 167.

2 Full salvation! Full salvation!
Lo! the fountain, opened wide;
Streams through every land and
nation

From the Saviour's wounded side.
Full salvation!
Streams an endless crimson tide.

Oh the glorious revelation!
See the cleansing current flow,
Washing stains of condemnation
Whiter than the driven snow.

Full salvation!
Oh, the rapturous bliss to know
Love's resistless current sweeping
All the regions deep within;

Thought, and wish and senses keep-
ing
Now and every instant clean!

Full salvation!
From the gulf and power of sin...

War and Testimony.

Tune.—Sinner of God, 134; C and D; Song Book, No. 255.

3 I have found a great salvation,
Glorious to God!
From my sins, Thy liberation,
Glorious to God!
I was sunk in misery,
Bound by Satan's cruel fetters,
But the Saviour set me free—
Glorious to God!

Now my heart is full of singing,
I am kept each day from sinning,
Oh, this joy I can't express,
For it never knows an ending;
I've a life of happiness!

Sinner, you can have this blessing,
Come to Christ, your sins confessing,
Then your life will happy be
And in Heaven you'll get a mansion,
There to live eternally.

Tune.—To the Work! (Fighting On.)

4 To the war! to the war! loud and
and long sounds the cry:
To the war! every soldier who
fears not to die!

THE REVIVAL CRUSADE. TORONTO CITY HAS A SIMULTANEOUS SOUL-SAVING CAMPAIGN.

Saturday, March 5th, to Friday, March 11th.

DISPOSITION OF CAMPAIGN FORCES AS FOLLOWS:—

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YORKVILLE—Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Gaskin,

Assisted by Staff-Captain and Mrs. Morris, Staff-Captain Stobbs, and Ensign Lighthourne.

LISGAR ST.—Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Howell,

Assisted by Major and Mrs. Creighton Adjutant and Mrs. DeBow and Captain Pugmire.

TECUMSETH STREET—BRIGADIER BOND,

assisted by Adjutant and Mrs. Sims, Ensign Malsey, and Captain Church.

RHODES AVE.—BRIGADIER AND MRS. POTTER,

assisted by Major and Mrs. Atwell, Captain Carter, and Captain Clark.

RIVERDALE—MAJOR SIMCO,

assisted by Adjutant Young, Captain Myers, and Captain Dodd.

EAST TORONTO.—MAJOR AND MRS. PHILLIPS,

assisted by Captain Watkinson.

PARLIAMENT ST.—MAJOR CAMERON,

assisted by Captain Eastwell and Captain Lewis.

LIPPINCOTT—Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Turner,

Assisted by Staff-Captain and Mrs. Fraser, Staff-Captain and Mrs. White, Adjutant Walter, and Captain Martin.

DOVERCOURT—Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Southall,

Assisted by Captain and Mrs. Mardell, Captain Palmer, and Captain Malone.

CHESTER—BRIGADIER AND MRS. TAYLOR,

assisted by Adjutant and Mrs. Fawcett, Lieut. Barker and Lieut. Wilson.

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assisted by Ensign Stitt, Captain Sparks, Captain Kelly, and Captain Nock.

EARLSCOURT.—BRIGADIER AND MRS. RAWLING,

assisted by Captain Pattenden, Captain Raymer, and Captain Best.

WYCHWOOD.—MAJOR AND MRS. MILLER,

assisted by Major and Mrs. Turpin, Captain Murdoch, and Lieutenant Nancarrow.

The Women's Social Officers and Cadets Will Take Part in the Campaign.
Pray, Fight, and Believe for Souls!

See the millions who're drifting to
Hell's endless woe,
Oh, who in the name of Jehovah will
go?

Chorus

Fighting on.

To the war! to the war! who'll the
war cry obey?
'Tis the great God who calls you to
fight while 'tis day;

Though the battle be fierce, and
though mighty the foe,
The Salvation Army to victory must
go.

Salvation.

Tune.—We're travelling Home to
Heaven above.

5 We're travelling home to Heaven
above—
Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go?

Millions have reached that blissful
shore.

Their trials and their labours o'er
And yet there's room for millions
more.

Will you go?

The way to Heaven is straight and
plain.

Will you go?

Repent, believe, be born again,
Will you go?

The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow Me,
And thou shalt My salvation see."

Will you go?

Oh, could I hear some sinner say
I will go!

I'll start this moment, clear the way.

Let me go!

My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,

I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,
Let me go!

Tune.—Who'll be the next, 230; Song
Book, No. 37.

6 Who'll be the next to follow
Jesus?
Who'll be the next His cross to
bear?

Some one is ready
ing;
Who'll be the next to follow
Jesus?

Who'll be the next to follow
now?

Who'll be the next to follow
Come and bow at His feet?
Who'll be the next to follow
burden
Down at the Father's feet?

Who'll be the next to follow
Who'll be the next to follow
name?

Who'll swell the chorus of
deputation?
Sing Hallelujah! Praise be to
God!

REVIVAL CRUSADE APPOINTMENTS

LIEUT.-COLONEL MAPP

Temple—Sunday, March 10th.

BRIGADIER BOND

Winnipeg—March 11th.

BRIGADIER BOND

Tecumseth St.—Sunday, March 11th.

BRIGADIER BOND

Riverdale—Sunday, March 11th.

MAJOR PHILLIPS

Dovercourt—Sunday, March 11th.

MAJOR PHILLIPS

Wychwood—Sunday, March 11th.

MAJOR PHILLIPS

Yorkville—Sunday, March 11th.

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THE TERRITORIAL STATION

with a view to

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BRIGADIER BOND

will conduct

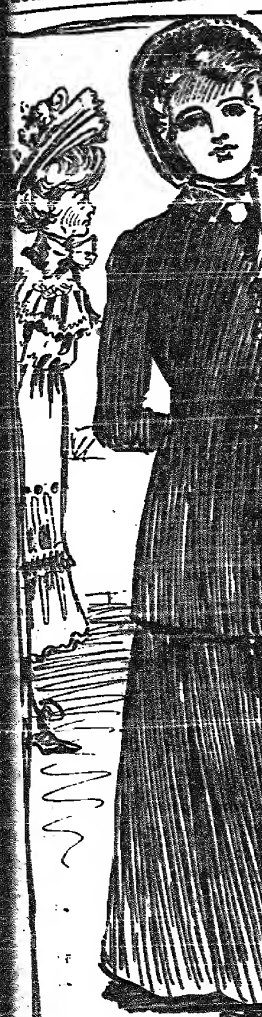
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MAJOR PHILLIPS

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TEMPLE—April 1st
CHESTER—April 1st
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20th Year. No. 25



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